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TRADING CARDS INSIDE!
SAVAGE SX
2
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TONY ISABELLA
JOHN CLEARY
ARMANDO GIL
KALAZZAR LIVES! AND HE'S HUNGRY!
CLEARY -93-
A-GIL

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SATAN'S SIX
CREATED BY JACK KIRBY
IDOL HANDS
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JOHN CLEARY-PENCILLER
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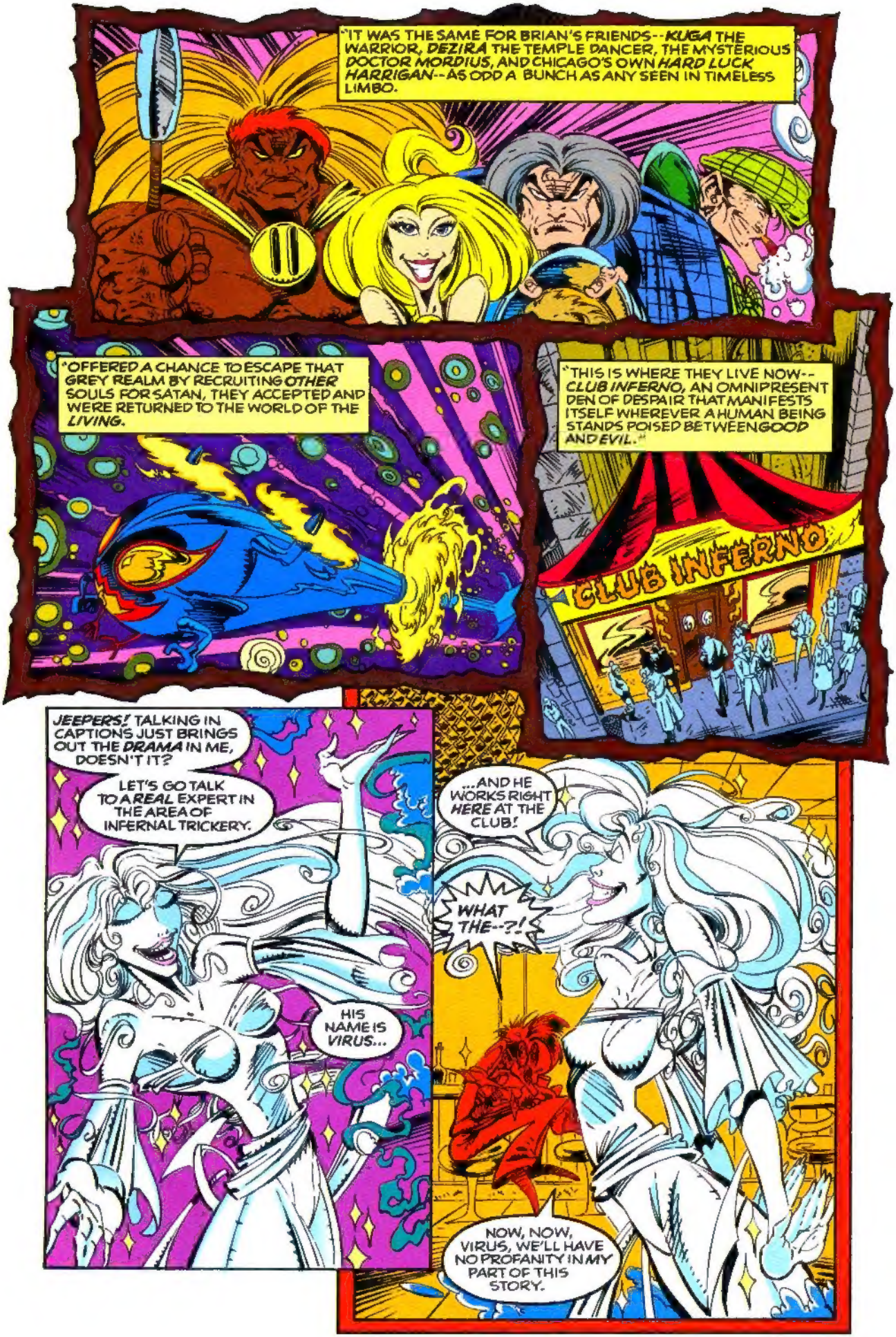
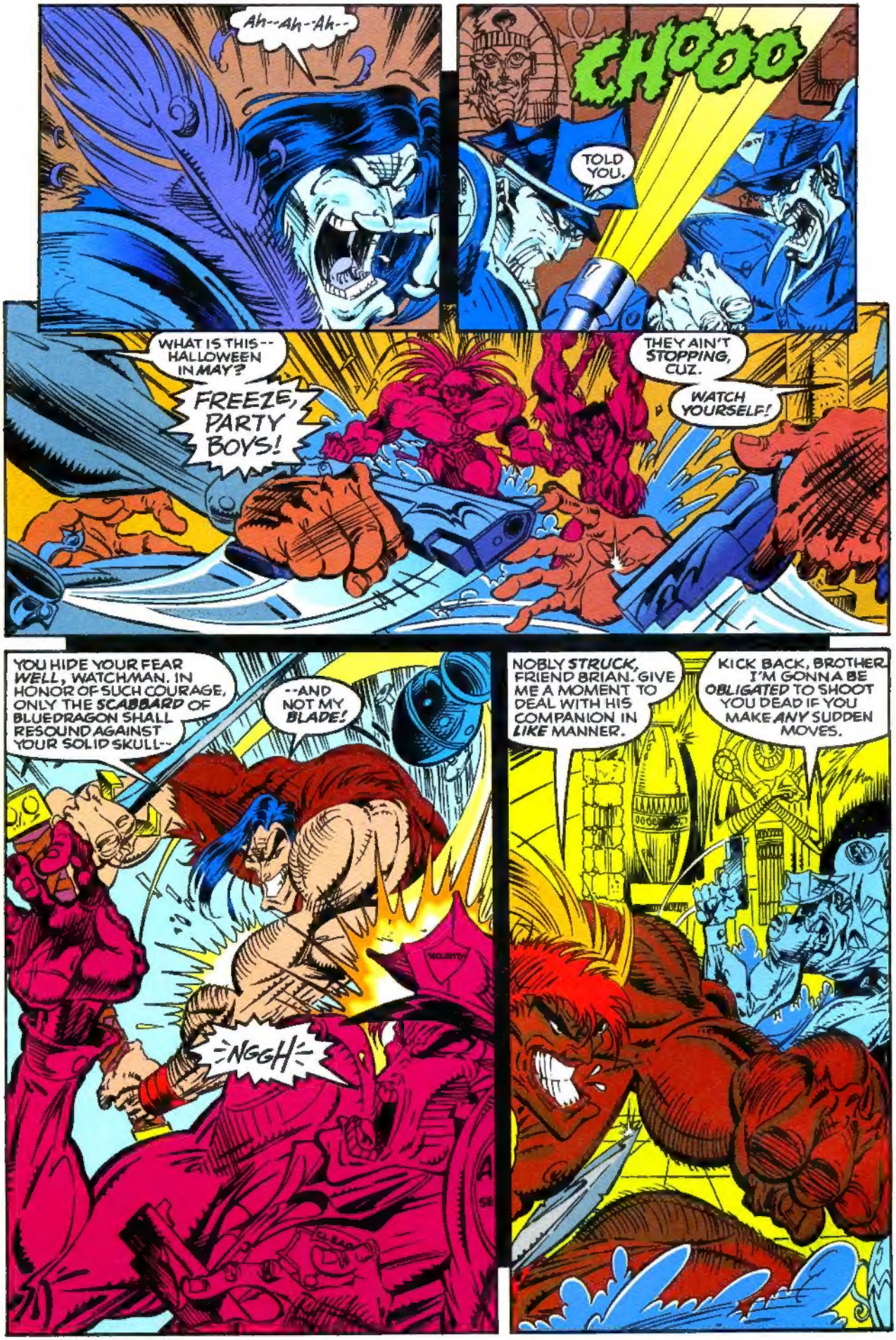
HI, I'M PRISTINE, THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS, CREATORS, AND READERS. MY JOB IS TO REDEEM THE SOULS OF THOSE "LOVABLE DOPES FROM LIMBO" WE CALL SATAN'S SIX.
NOW THIS ISSUE WAS SUPPOSED TO OPEN WITH A SCENE OF THE DEMON FRIGHTFUL PUTTING HIS HUMAN CHARGES THROUGH A TRAINING EXERCISE. THEN I READ THE SCRIPT.
FRIGHTFUL MAY BE A FIEND FROM DOWN BELOW AND ALL, BUT I AM SIMPLY NOT GOING TO ALLOW THAT SORT OF LANGUAGE IN THIS COMIC BOOK.
SO, BEING AS HOW WE'LL BE ON OUR OWN FOR THE NEXT FEW PAGES...
AXE FORCE

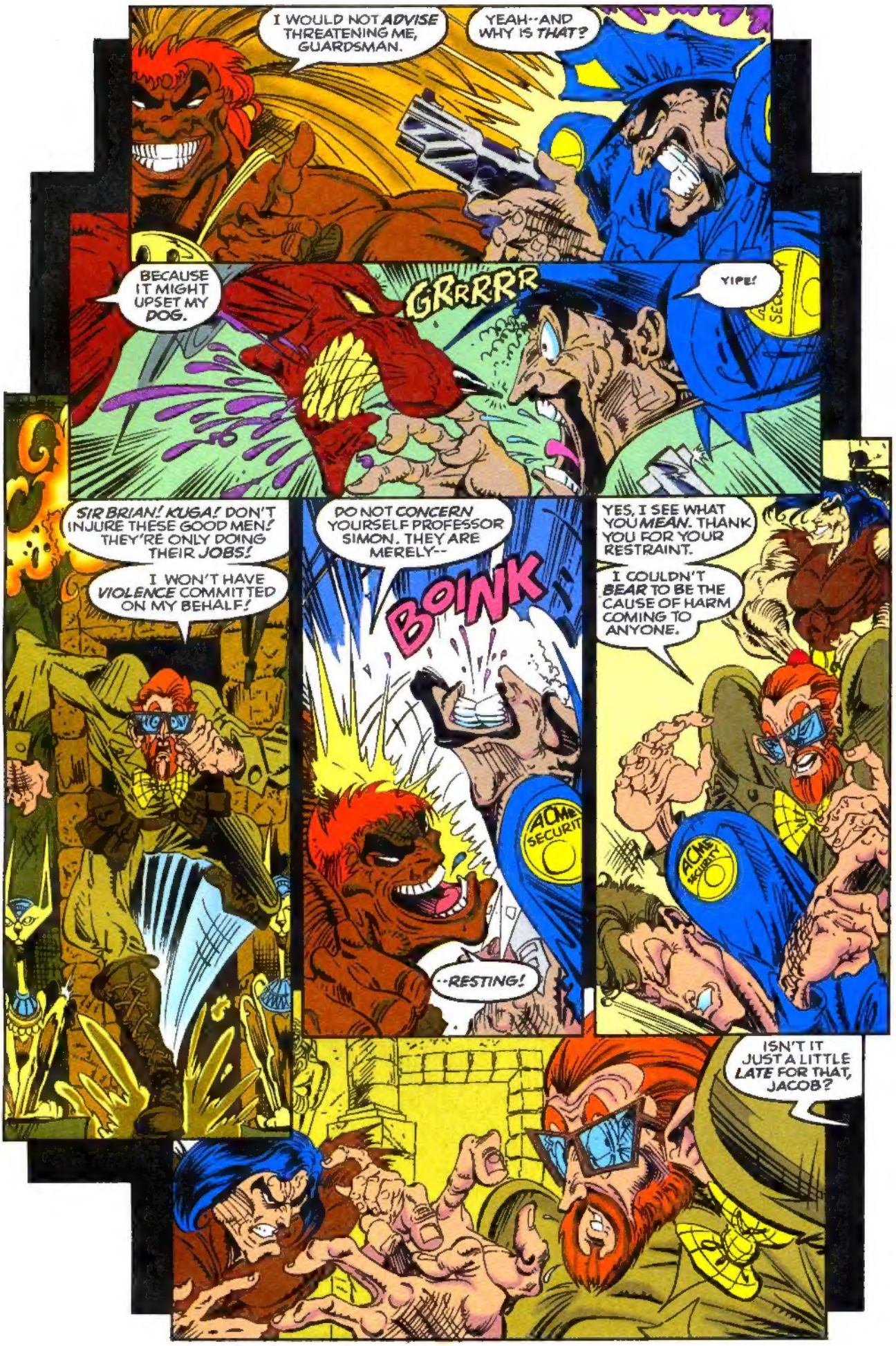
...LET'S REVIEW SATAN'S SIX #1 FOR THOSE FANS WHO MISSED OUR FIRST AND SURE TO BE HIGHLY COLLECTIBLE ISSUE.
SEE? JACK KIRBY INKED BY TODD McFARLANE ON THE COVER. PRETTY NEAT, huh?
SATAN'S SIX
THIS IS THE STORY OF FIVE NOT TERRIBLY BRIGHT PEOPLE WHO SOLD THEIR SOULS TO THE DEVIL. BAD DEALS.
SO BAD THAT HEAVEN APPEALED THE CONTRACTS AND OUR HEROES HAVE WANDERED LIMBO EVER SINCE.
"LIMBO IS A PRETTY BORING PLACE, ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE STUCK THERE FOR CENTURIES WHILE HEAVEN AND THE OTHER PLACE LITIGATE OVER YOUR ULTIMATE FATE.
"IT'S EVEN WORSE FOR A MAN OF ACTION LIKE OUR OWN BRIAN BLUEDRAGON FROM THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR.
"WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, HE WANTED TO BE THE ROUND TABLE'S GREATEST KNIGHT.
"LIMBO WAS SHEER HECK FOR HIM.

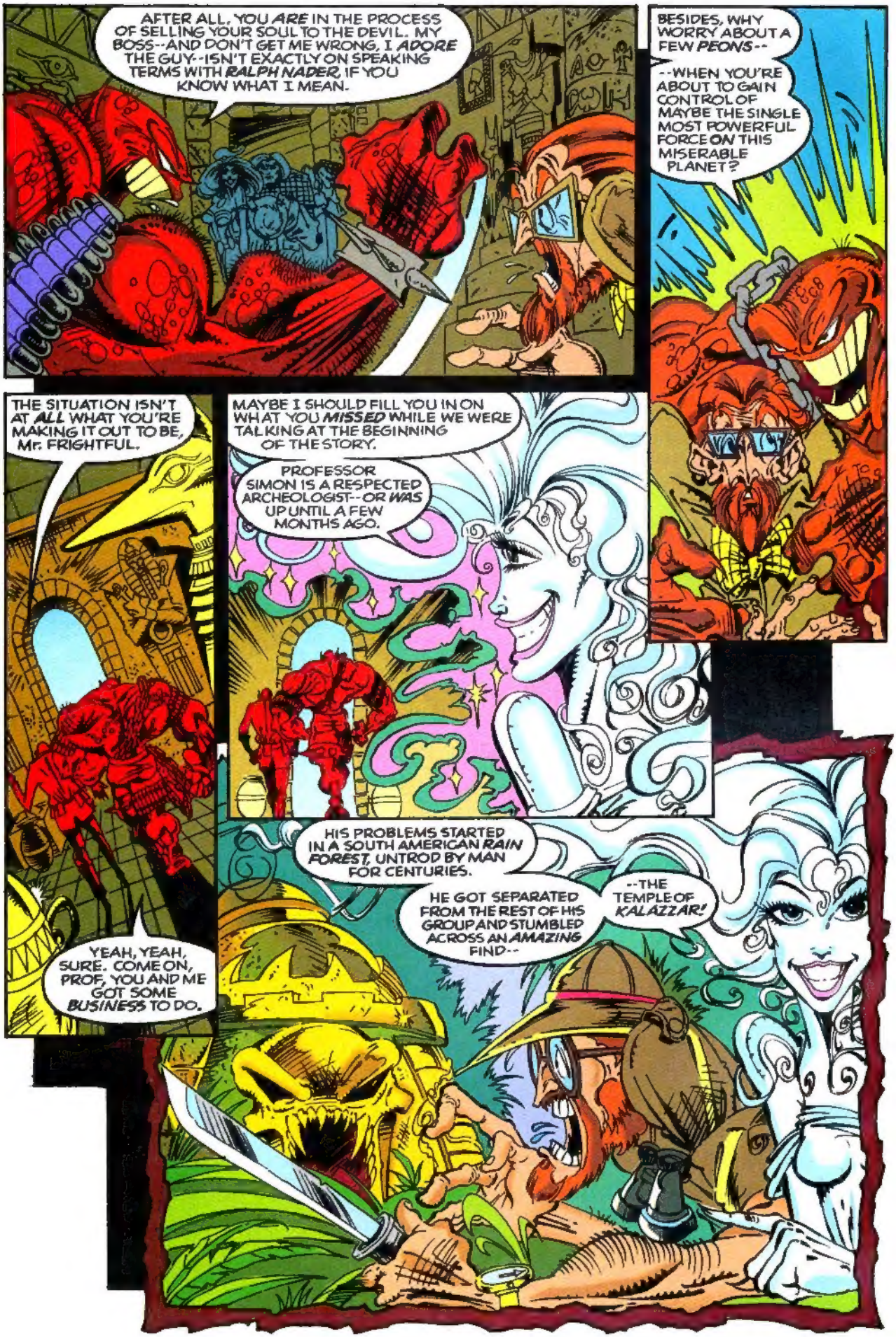

"IT WAS THE SAME FOR BRIAN'S FRIENDS--KUGA THE WARRIOR, DEZIRA THE TEMPLE DANCER, THE MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR MORDIUS, AND CHICAGO'S OWN HARD LUCK HARRIGAN--AS ODD A BUNCH AS ANY SEEN IN TIMELESS LIMBO.
"OFFERED A CHANCE TO ESCAPE THAT GREY REALM BY RECRUITING OTHER SOULS FOR SATAN, THEY ACCEPTED AND WERE RETURNED TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.
"THIS IS WHERE THEY LIVE NOW--CLUB INFERNO, AN OMNIPRESENT DEN OF DESPAIR THAT MANIFESTS ITSELF WHEREVER A HUMAN BEING STANDS POISED BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL."
CLUB INFERNO
JEEPERS! TALKING IN CAPTIONS JUST BRINGS OUT THE DRAMA IN ME, DOESN'T IT?
LET'S GO TALK TO A REAL EXPERT IN THE AREA OF INFERNAL TRICKERY.
HIS NAME IS VIRUS...
...AND HE WORKS RIGHT HERE AT THE CLUB!
WHAT THE--?!
NOW, NOW, VIRUS, WE'LL HAVE NO PROFANITY IN MY PART OF THIS STORY.

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, PRIS. YOU KNOW HOW *gulp* FRIGHTFUL GETS WHEN YOU'RE AROUND.
I JUST WANTED TO *GIGGLE* HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR SIDE'S CLEVER LITTLE PLAN AGAIN.
Aww. IT'S NOT HALF AS CLEVER AS THESE HUMANS ARE DENSE. I MEAN, AT LEAST IN LIMBO, THEY HAD A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE OF YOUR SIDE WINNING THEIR APPEALS.
BUT IF THEY'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR SOME OTHER POOR SLOB LOSING HIS SOUL, THEN THEY'RE DEFINITELY LOOKING AT ETERNITY ON A SPIT.
YOU CATCH WHAT I'M SAYING? IT'LL BE BEELZEBUB'S BARBEQUE WITH BLUEDRAGON'S BUNCH AS THE RIBS.
BEEP BEEP
Oh, NO! WE'RE BUSTED!
SILLY! IT'S JUST MY BEEPER!
YOU KNOW, WHERE I COME FROM, WE HAVE AN ENTIRE LEVEL RESERVED FOR SINNERS WHO CARRIED THOSE THINGS.
WELL, FRIGHTFUL'S FINALLY FINISHED HIS AWFUL TRAINING SESSION AND HE'S EVEN TAKEN BRIAN AND THE OTHERS OUT ON THEIR LATEST MISSION.
WE NOW JOIN OUR REGULARLY-SCHEDULED PARABLE, ALREADY IN PROGRESS...

I AIN'T KIDDING, JONESY. I HEARD SOMETHING MOVING AROUND IN THIS WING.
MUSEUM
MUS
IT WAS PROBABLY YOUR BIG, FAT STOMACH COMPLAINING ABOUT THOSE SEVEN BURRITOS YOU SCARFED DOWN AT DINNER.
MAN EAT LIKE THAT BELONGS IN A MUSTY OLD MUSEUM. YOU A PREHISTORIC THROWBACK, CUZ.
Ahh, GO SUCK ON YOUR TOFU. ALL THAT HEALTH FOOD YOU'VE BEEN EATING HAS MADE YOU HARD OF HEARING.
YOU SAY SOMETHING, CUZ?
SECURITY
CLEARY
I SAID, ALL THAT HEALTH... awww, GEEZ, YOU GOT ME AGAIN!
YOU TOO EASY, CUZ.


Ah--Ah--Ah--
CHOOO
TOLD YOU.
WHAT IS THIS-- HALLOWEEN IN MAY?
FREEZE, PARTY BOYS!
THEY AIN'T STOPPING, CUZ.
WATCH YOURSELF!
YOU HIDE YOUR FEAR WELL, WATCHMAN. IN HONOR OF SUCH COURAGE, ONLY THE SCABBARD OF BLUEDRAGON SHALL RESOUND AGAINST YOUR SOLID SKULL--
--AND NOT MY BLADE!
=NGGH=
NOBLY STRUCK, FRIEND BRIAN. GIVE ME A MOMENT TO DEAL WITH HIS COMPANION IN LIKE MANNER.
KICK BACK, BROTHER. I'M GONNA BE OBLIGATED TO SHOOT YOU DEAD IF YOU MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES.


I WOULD NOT ADVISE THREATENING ME, GUARDSMAN.
YEAH--AND WHY IS THAT?
BECAUSE IT MIGHT UPSET MY DOG.
GRRRRR
YIPE!
SIR BRIAN! KUGA! DON'T INJURE THESE GOOD MEN! THEY'RE ONLY DOING THEIR JOBS!
I WON'T HAVE VIOLENCE COMMITTED ON MY BEHALF!
DO NOT CONCERN YOURSELF PROFESSOR SIMON. THEY ARE MERELY--
BOINK
--RESTING!
YES, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. THANK YOU FOR YOUR RESTRAINT.
I COULDN'T BEAR TO BE THE CAUSE OF HARM COMING TO ANYONE.
ISN'T IT JUST A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, JACOB?


AFTER ALL, YOU *ARE* IN THE PROCESS OF SELLING YOUR SOUL TO THE DEVIL. MY BOSS--AND DON'T GET ME WRONG, I *ADORE* THE GUY--ISN'T EXACTLY ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH *RALPH NADER*, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
BESIDES, WHY WORRY ABOUT A FEW *PEONS*--
--WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO GAIN CONTROL OF MAYBE THE SINGLE MOST POWERFUL FORCE *ON* THIS MISERABLE PLANET?
THE SITUATION ISN'T AT *ALL* WHAT YOU'RE MAKING IT OUT TO BE, Mr. FRIGHTFUL.
MAYBE I SHOULD FILL YOU IN ON WHAT YOU *MISSED* WHILE WE WERE TALKING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.
PROFESSOR SIMON IS A RESPECTED ARCHEOLOGIST--*OR WAS* UP UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO.
YEAH, YEAH, SURE. COME ON, PROF, YOU AND ME GOT SOME *BUSINESS* TO DO.
HIS PROBLEMS STARTED IN A SOUTH AMERICAN *RAIN FOREST*, UNTROD BY MAN FOR CENTURIES.
HE GOT SEPARATED FROM THE REST OF HIS GROUP AND STUMBLED ACROSS AN *AMAZING* FIND--
--THE TEMPLE OF *KALAZZAR!*

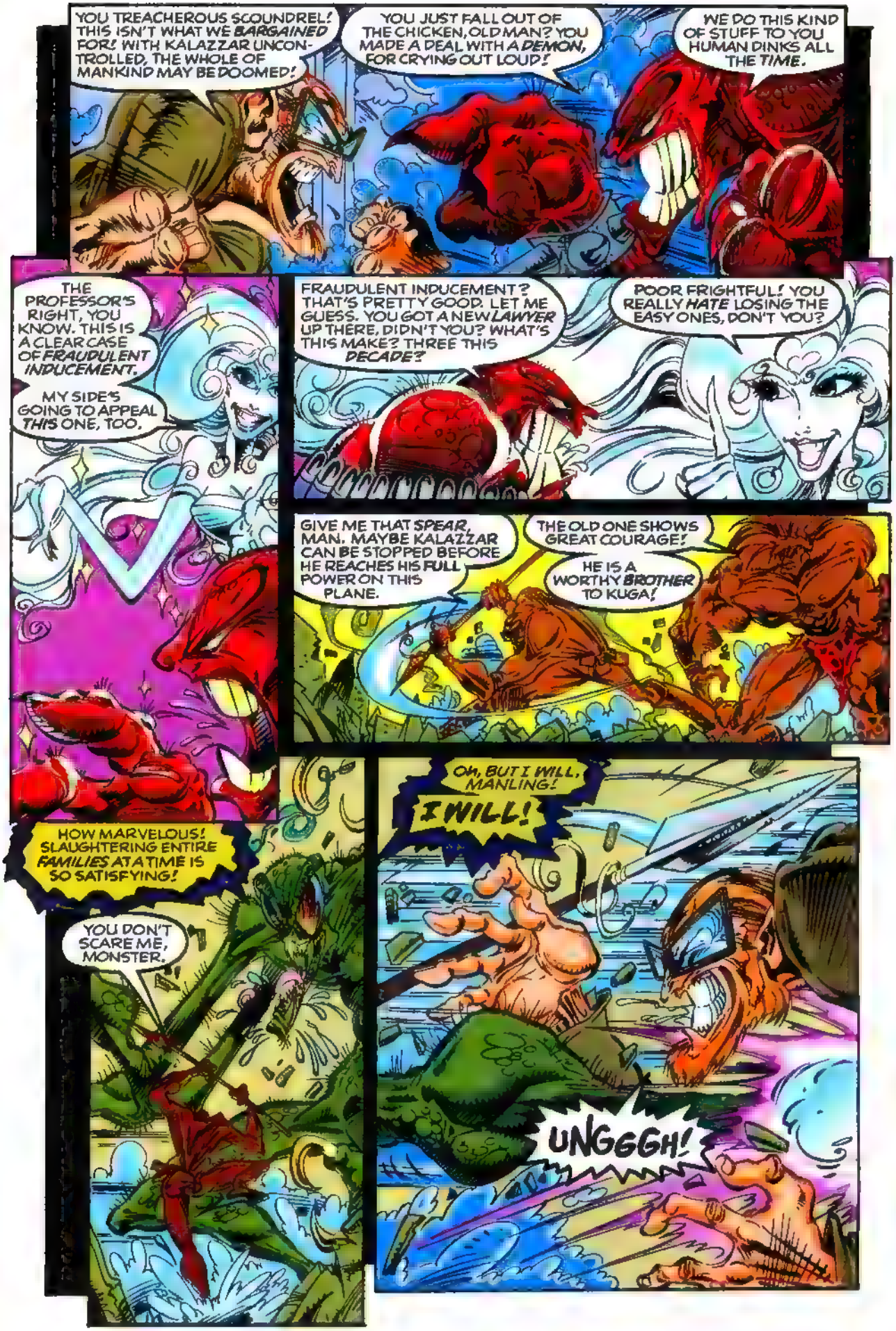
"INSIDE WAS A CRUDE STATUE THAT LOOKED LIKE A COCOON WITH EYES AND WALLS COVERED WITH STRANGE HIEROGLYPHICS, ALL THAT REMAINED, THE PROFESSOR DETERMINED, OF A LOST RACE THAT HAD WORSHIPPED A MYSTERIOUS BEING KNOWN AS... KALAZZAR!
BUT, WHEN CARBON-DATING TESTS CAST DOUBT ON THE DISCOVERY, THE MUSEUM REVIEW ACCUSED THE PROFESSOR OF PERPETRATING A HOAX TO BOLSTER HIS FAILING CAREER.
TRAS
TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, THE BOARD ADDED THE KALAZZAR ARTIFACT TO THE MUSEUM'S JUST-OPENED EXHIBIT OF FAMOUS FRAUDS. NO WONDER POOR JACOB, NOW PUBLICLY HUMILIATED AS WELL, SOON FOUND HIS WAY TO CLUB INFERNO...
"THE BOARD FIRED JACOB SIMON AND MOVED TO HAVE HIM STRIPPED OF HIS ACADEMIC STANDING. CRUSHED BY THE RULING AND OVERCOME BY DESPAIR, THE PROFESSOR MEEKLY WALKED AWAY FROM ALL HE HELD DEAR."
SIMON
FRAUD
OF
HIST
...THERE TO BE LURED, DESPITE THE NOBLEST OF INTENTIONS, INTO AN UNDERTAKING DESIGNED TO COST HIM HIS IMMORTAL SOUL.
SOMETIMES THAT FRIGHTFUL JUST ISN'T VERY NICE.

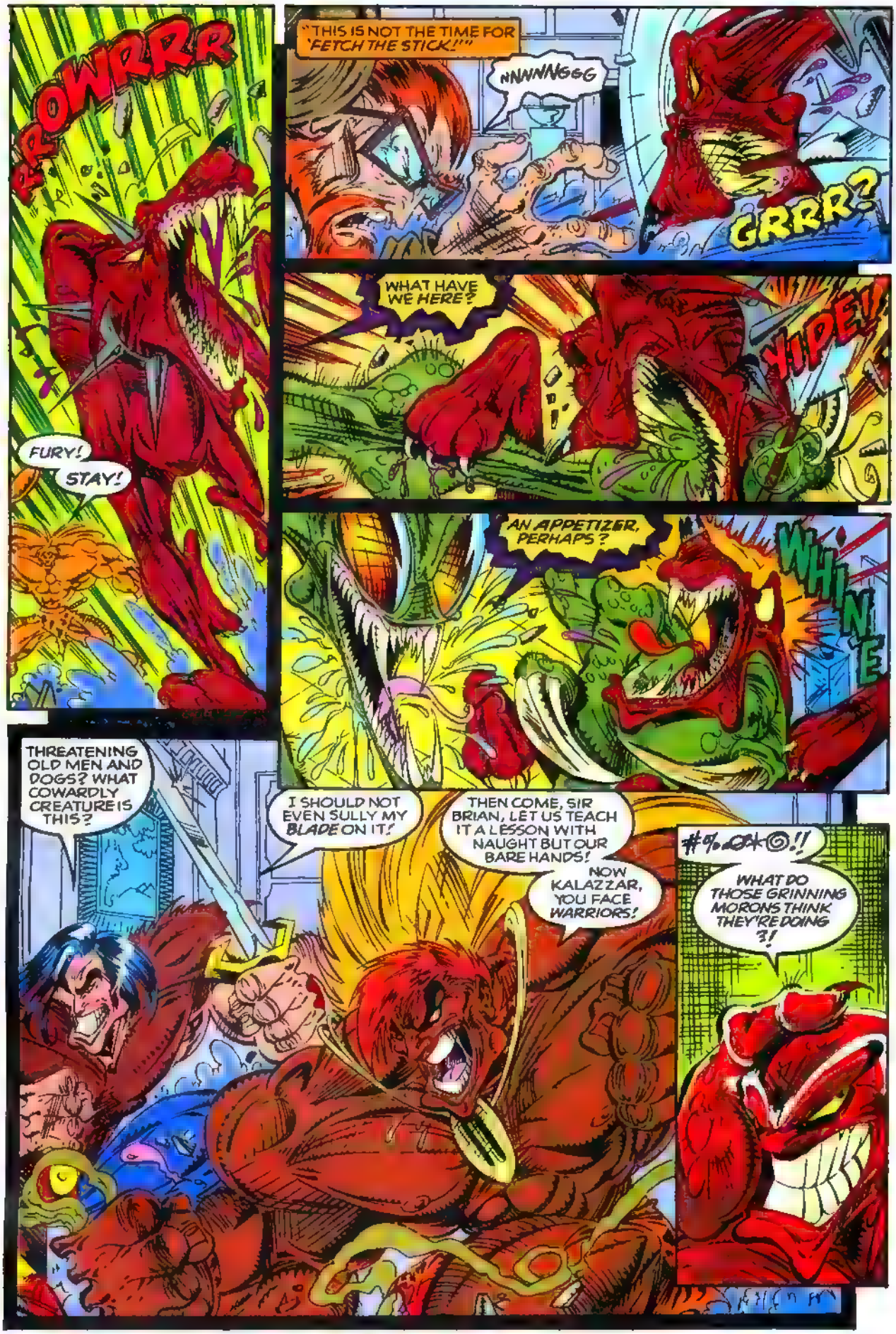
"ANYWAY, THAT LEADS TO THE REASON WE'RE HERE WELL AFTER REGULAR VISITORS' HOURS. LISTEN."
WHAT MAD HAND CARVED THIS UGLY BEAST?
I'M GLAD I'M WITH YOU, BRIAN, EVEN THOUGH IT'S JUST A STATUE-- --IT SORT OF SCARES ME.
BAH! THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ARTISTS ARE LEFT UNFETTERED TO FOLLOW THEIR IMAGINATIONS. SUCH "ART" LEADS TO CORRUPTION.
YOUR DUBIOUS MISGIVINGS ASIDE, DOCTOR MORDIUS, THERE IS A MUCH GREATER DANGER LYING WITHIN THIS VESSEL.
JUST BELOW THE SURFACE, ALMOST INAUDIBLE TO OUR SENSES, I CAN HEAR ENERGIES COALESCING.
NO WONDER THE TEST RESULTS WERE SO ODD.
IS THERE SOMETHING IN THERE?
IT'S WHY I AGREED TO YOUR FRIGHTFUL'S HELLISH CONTRACT. THIS IS FAR MORE THAN A MERE STATUE.
IT'S A PORTAL FROM WHICH DREAD KALAZZAR HIMSELF WILL SOON PLAGUE MANKIND AGAIN.
HOW COULD I, IN GOOD CONSCIENCE, WEIGH EVEN MY VERY SOUL AGAINST SUCH TERROR?
"THE TEMPLE WRITINGS TELL OF THOSE DREAD DAYS WHEN KALAZZAR WALKED AND RULED--THE EARTH. ON A WHIM, HE WOULD VISIT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE HAPLESS HUMANS WHO SERVED HIM, LEAVING THE SURVIVORS WITH SHATTERED BODIES AND MINDS.
"THEN, AT THE HEIGHT OF KALAZZAR'S REIGN, HE WAS DEFEATED BY SOME UNKNOWN POWER AND SENTENCED TO 10,000 YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT BEYOND OUR PLANE OF EXISTENCE.
"OUR WORLD BELONGED TO MEN ONCE MORE, IF ONLY TEMPORARILY."
DON'T YOU SEE? MAN'S AUTHORITY OVER THE PLANET ENDS THIS VERY NIGHT. FOR AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE--
--KALAZZAR RETURNS!
THAT WOULD BE BAD, RIGHT?

"WE'LL SKIP JACOB'S ONLY SLIGHTLY EXASPERATED REPLY AND GO RIGHT TO HIS PLAN TO SAVE EARTH FROM KALAZZAR..."
DAMNED THOUGH MY SOUL MAY BE, I MUST PROTEST THIS HEATHEN RITUAL.
I'M A SCIENTIST, NOT A MYSTIC.
COMES WITH THE TERRITORY, DOC.
AS HARRIGAN SAYS, IT IS DESTINY. THE PROFESSOR REQUIRES MORTALS TOUCHED BY THE SUPER-NATURAL TO FOCUS THE POWER OF HIS INCANTATION.
WHO BETTER SUITED THAN WE?
BE NOT AFRAID, MORDIUS. DRAW UPON THE STRENGTH OF YOUR FRIEND KUGA, MIGHTY SLAYER OF LIONS, SHOULD YOUR OWN FAIL YOU.
NOTHING CAN PREVENT KALAZZAR'S RETURN, BUT THIS INCANTATION--FOR WHICH I WILL PAY SO DEARLY--WILL PLACE HIM UNDER MY CONTROL.
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT MANKIND FROM 10,000 YEARS OF THE CREATURE'S PENT-UP RAGE.
THE SPELL MUST BE COMPLETED WITHIN MERE SECONDS OF MIDNIGHT. I'VE TIMED HOW LONG IT TAKES TO READ IT ALOUD. ARE WE READY TO BEGIN?
GIVE IT ANOTHER COUPLE MINUTES, JAKE.
YOU CAN START...
"...NOW!"
NATSOKTID TTEREVE! EIRAM NIREVES! YOR SAMOHT! NAD SNIKDA! NALOC ENEG! EVETS TARHELGNE! RENNURB--
KA-RAKAK!K
GRRROWR

GOSH! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE WOUND THIS DARN THING TONIGHT.
TAP TAP
NO! SOMETHING HAS GONE TERRIBLY WRONG!
IT'S OPENING TOO SOON!
SHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SNAK
KRACKLE
PAKK
KRAKADOOM
BRIAN!
FEAR NOT, FAIR DEZIRA. AS EVER, THE SWORD OF BLUEDRAGON STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND ANY TERROR WE MAY FACE!

FREE!
FREE!
FOR 10,000 YEARS, I HAVE WANDERED BEYOND THE PHYSICAL UNIVERSE WITH RAGE MY ONLY COMPANION! BUT THAT FOUL IMPRISONMENT IS DONE!
AS IS MAN'S DOMINATION OF THIS BALL OF MUD HE CALLS A WORLD. FOR KALAZZAR LIVES, KALAZZAR RULES, AND, MOST OF ALL--
--KALAZZAR HATES!


YOU TREACHEROUS SCOUNDREL! THIS ISN'T WHAT WE BARGAINED FOR! WITH KALAZZAR UNCONTROLLED, THE WHOLE OF MANKIND MAY BE DOOMED!
YOU JUST FALL OUT OF THE CHICKEN, OLD MAN? YOU MADE A DEAL WITH A DEMON, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
WE DO THIS KIND OF STUFF TO YOU HUMAN DINKS ALL THE TIME.
THE PROFESSOR'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW. THIS IS A CLEAR CASE OF FRAUDULENT INDUCEMENT.
MY SIDE'S GOING TO APPEAL THIS ONE, TOO.
FRAUDULENT INDUCEMENT? THAT'S PRETTY GOOD. LET ME GUESS. YOU GOT A NEW LAWYER UP THERE, DIDN'T YOU? WHAT'S THIS MAKE? THREE THIS DECADE?
POOR FRIGHTFUL! YOU REALLY HATE LOSING THE EASY ONES, DON'T YOU?
GIVE ME THAT SPEAR, MAN. MAYBE KALAZZAR CAN BE STOPPED BEFORE HE REACHES HIS FULL POWER ON THIS PLANE.
THE OLD ONE SHOWS GREAT COURAGE!
HE IS A WORTHY BROTHER TO KUGA!
HOW MARVELOUS! SLAUGHTERING ENTIRE FAMILIES AT A TIME IS SO SATISFYING!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME, MONSTER.
OH, BUT I WILL, MANLING!
I WILL!
UNGGGH!


GRROWRRRR
FURY!
STAY!
"THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR 'FETCH THE STICK!'"
NNNNNGGG
GRRR?
WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
YIPE!
AN APPETIZER, PERHAPS?
WHINE
THREATENING OLD MEN AND DOGS? WHAT COWARDLY CREATURE IS THIS?
I SHOULD NOT EVEN SULLY MY BLADE ON IT!
THEN COME, SIR BRIAN, LET US TEACH IT A LESSON WITH NAUGHT BUT OUR BARE HANDS!
NOW KALAZZAR, YOU FACE WARRIORS!
#%@OK@!!
WHAT DO THOSE GRINNING MORONS THINK THEY'RE DOING?!

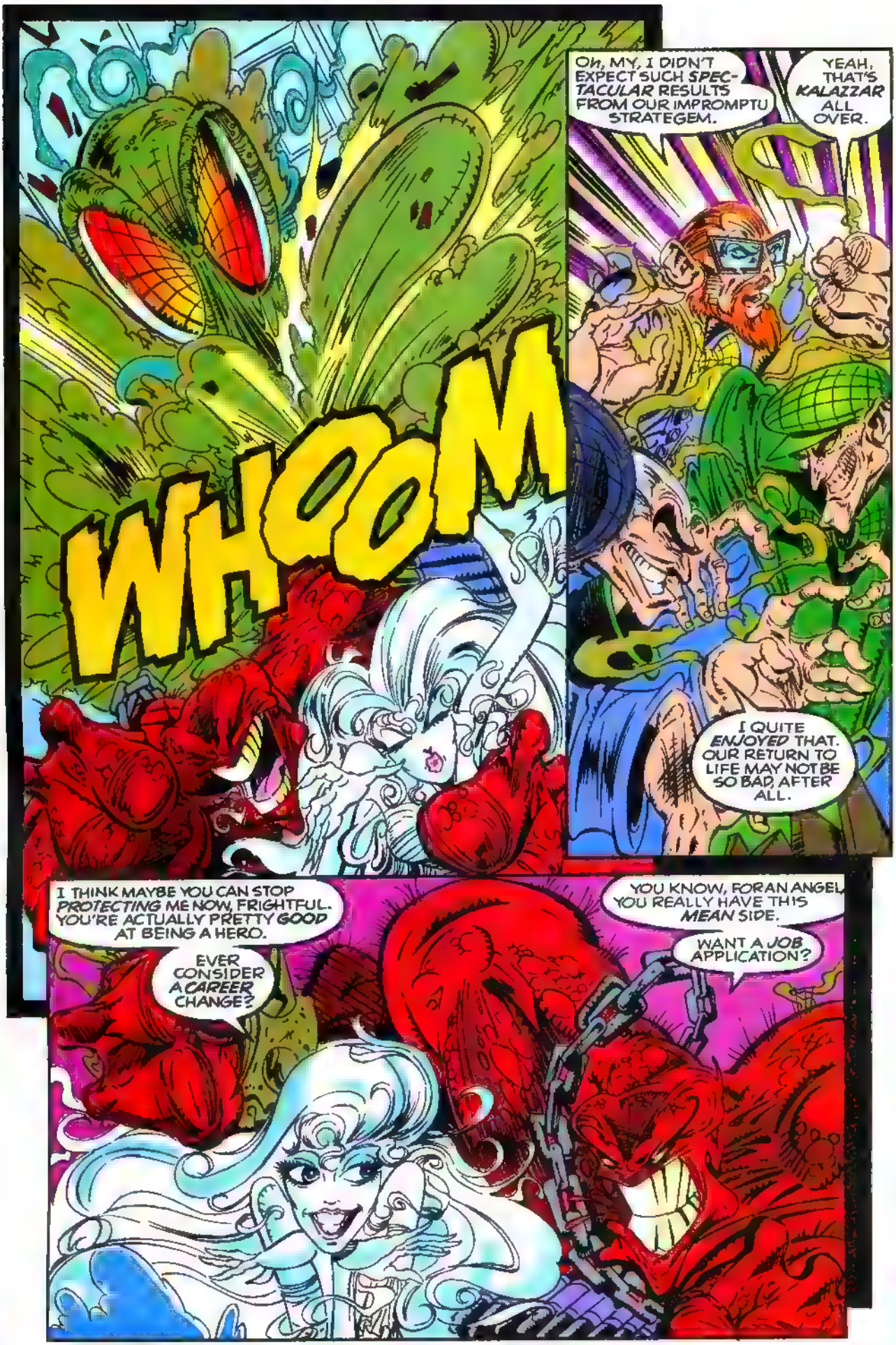
I HAVE WAITED AN ETERNITY TO STALK THIS LAND ONCE MORE! DELAY ME FOR EVEN THE MEREST OF MOMENTS AND YOUR DEATHS SHALL BE EXCRUCIATING, INDEED!
WE'VE DIED ONCE, YOU PUFFED-UP INSECT. IT HOLDS NO GREAT TERROR FOR US.
RELEASE FURY AND THE PROFESSOR NOW!
I NEVER QUITE REALIZED HOW NOBLE AND SELFLESS BRIAN AND KUGA REALLY ARE. IF, GOD FORBID, THEY SHOULD DIE WHILE RISKING THEIR LIVES FOR OTHERS--
--THEY MIGHT EVEN EARN THEIR WAY INTO HEAVEN!
!@#%!! IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH MY PLAN TO SNARE JAKE'S SOUL BLOWS UP IN MY FACE--
--I'VE GOT TO PUT MY OWN SCALY BUTT ON THE LINE OR RISK LOSING THESE CRETINS, TOO!
THAT'S IT! I'M SCREWED!
A HELLSPAWN ATTACKING ME? HAS THE WORLD ITSELF GONE MAD DURING MY ABSENCE?
WELL JOINED, NOBLE FRIGHTFUL!
ISN'T THAT JUST SO SPECIAL? NOW I'VE GOT MY OWN FREAKING CHEERING SECTION!
WHY ME, BEELZEBUB? WHY--

--ME?
WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO INSIST I LINGER A BIT, I DO CONFESS TO FEELING SOMEWHAT PECKISH.
CRUNCH
BRIAN WILL BE ALL RIGHT, WON'T HE?
I DOUBT IT. IN FACT, I'M EXTREMELY PESSIMISTIC AS TO ANY OF US LEAVING THIS MUSEUM UNDIGESTED.
=UIP!=
I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M GONNA GET KILLED AGAIN--AND THIS TIME BY A GIANT BUG!
GIANT BUG? HARRIGAN, MY GOOD MAN, YOU MAY HAVE JUST HIT UPON OUR SALVATION!
BUT WHERE CAN WE FIND WHAT WE NEED AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
EXCUSE ME, PROFESSOR, BUT ISN'T THERE A 24-HOUR SUPER K-MART DOWN THE STREET FROM THE MUSEUM?
OF COURSE!
COME ON, HARRIGAN, TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE!
Dr. MORDIUS! YOU AND DEZIRA MUST KEEP KALAZZAR OCCUPIED FOR A FEW MINUTES!
BY THE WAY, WHO WAS THAT HELPFUL YOUNG LADY BACK THERE?
KEEP A THIRTY-FOOT FLY OCCUPIED? HOW DOES HE PROPOSE WE DO THAT? SMEAR THE WALLS WITH ROTTING MEAT?
EEYUU! I THINK I HAVE A BETTER IDEA!
SHE HAS AN IDEA?
WHY DON'T I SIMPLY BOW TO THE INEVITABLE AND FLING MYSELF INTO THE CREATURE'S GULLET NOW?

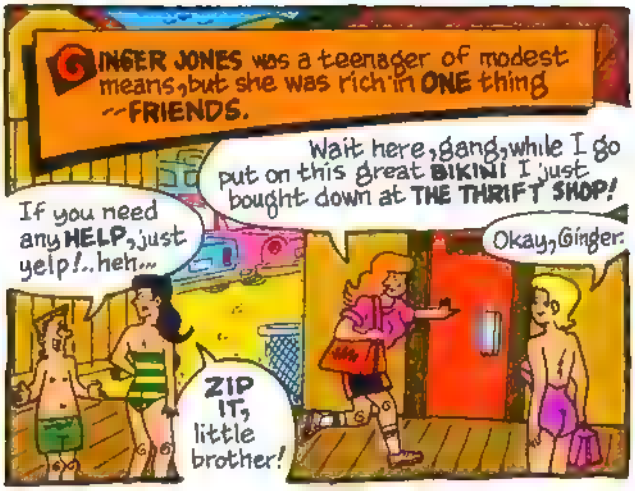
MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE?
NOW IS THAT ALWAYS THE WAY?
A BODY CAN'T TAKE A LITTLE NOURISHMENT WITHOUT BEING INTERRUPTED!
MIGHTY KUGA WILL STICK IN YOUR THROAT, BUG!
SIMPLY APPALLING MANNERS, HUMAN.
PRESENTING FOR YOUR... DINING ENTERTAINMENT... THE AMAZING ECDYSIASTICS OF THE DELECTABLE DEZIRA!
I SHALL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN.
THIS ROUTINE USED TO LEAVE THEM DROOLING IN THE AISLES IN BABYLON!
WHAT DOES SHE THINK SHE'S DOING? KALAZZAR IS A HUMONGOUS FLY-- NOT A SAILOR ON SHORE LEAVE!
BY JESU! SHE COULD STRAIGHTEN A MAN'S SWORD BETTER THAN ANY BLACK-SMITH!
Sigh THE POOR DEAR'S HEART IS CERTAINLY IN THE RIGHT PLACE--ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE, IT SEEMS--
--BUT I THINK IT'S TIME FOR HEAVEN TO TAKE A MORE DIRECT ROLE IN THESE PRO-CEEDINGS.
SORRY, BOYS...

NOW THIS IS A WELCOME DISTRACTION!
WHA--?
I THOUGHT I HAD DEVOURED THE LAST FEMALE OF MY SPECIES EONS AGO.
YUM.
Uh-oh!
COURAGE, FAIR ONE! HARRIGAN AND I HAVE RETURNED WITH A VERITABLE ARMY OF CHEMICAL ALLIES-- BLACK FLAG, RAID, AND A NEW PRODUCT THAT COMES HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE STOCKPERSON, THE REVOLUTIONARY BYE BYE FLY!
IT'S A GOOD THING THEY TAKE PLASTIC!
THERE'S GOT TO BE A HUNDRED CANS HERE! WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH FINGERS TO SPRAY THEM ALL BEFORE KALAZZAR CHOWS DOWN ON US!
I MAY BE OF SOME SMALL ASSISTANCE HERE.
NOW WHERE DID I PUT THAT--

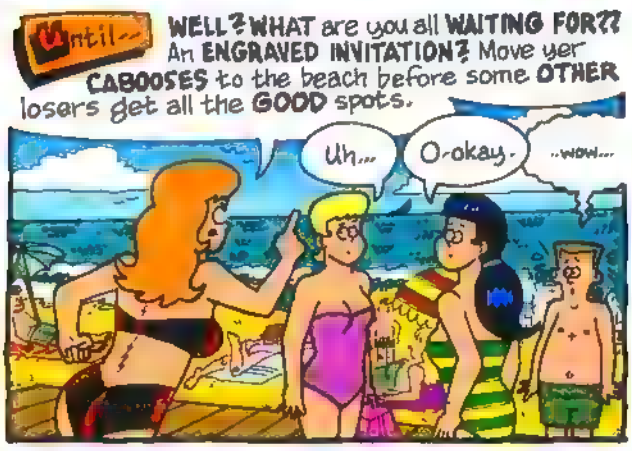
BOMB?
I PRIDE MYSELF ON MY PREPAREDNESS, PROFESSOR.
ONE CAN NEVER KNOW WHEN ONE MIGHT NEED THE ODD EXPLOSIVE DEVICE.
PUSH WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, KUGA!
THEN HEAD FOR COVER!
SSSSSSSSSSSSS
NO HARM WILL BEFALL YOU, DEZIRA. I SHALL CARRY YOU TO SAFETY IN THE BEAT OF A HEART.
I DON'T WANT TO BE TOO SAFE, HONEY.
HIT THE DECK, ANGEL! BOMBS AIN'T ALL THAT RESPECTFUL OF DIVINE PRIVILEDGE, Y'KNOW!
OH!

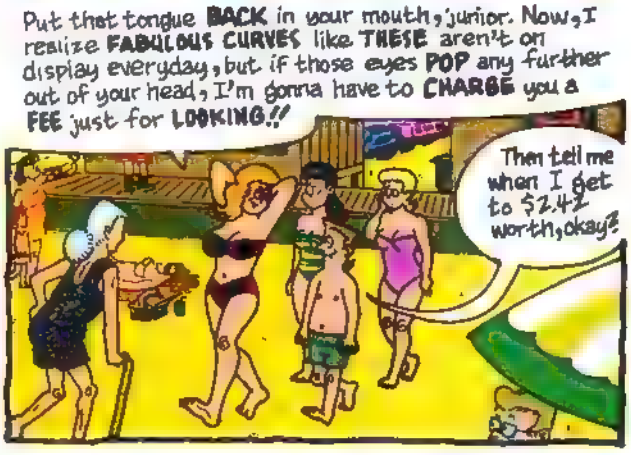

WHOOM
Oh, MY, I DIDN'T EXPECT SUCH SPECTACULAR RESULTS FROM OUR IMPROMPTU STRATEGEM.
YEAH, THAT'S KALAZZAR ALL OVER.
I QUITE ENJOYED THAT. OUR RETURN TO LIFE MAY NOT BE SO BAD, AFTER ALL.
I THINK MAYBE YOU CAN STOP PROTECTING ME NOW, FRIGHTFUL. YOU'RE ACTUALLY PRETTY GOOD AT BEING A HERO.
EVER CONSIDER A CAREER CHANGE?
YOU KNOW, FOR AN ANGEL YOU REALLY HAVE THIS MEAN SIDE.
WANT A JOB APPLICATION?

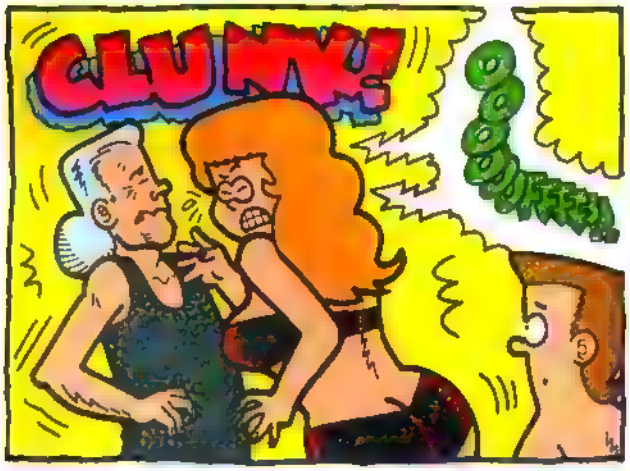
THE LAST PAGE ALREADY? WELL, I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO TIE UP ALL THE LOOSE ENDS OF THIS ISSUE.
LET'S GO TO CLUB INFERNO WHERE BRIAN AND HIS TEAM ARE CELEBRATING THEIR VICTORY.
IT HASN'T OCCURRED TO THE POOR DEARS THAT THEY FAILED IN THEIR MISSION.
YOU WERE WONDERFUL, BRIAN.
I WAS, WASN'T I?
EVEN I MUST CONCEDE THAT YOU WERE EVER SO SLIGHTLY LESS PATHETIC THIS EVE.
WE SAW IT ALL, PROF. YOU WERE A REGULAR INDIANA JONES IN THERE.
THEN YOU'LL TESTIFY AT MY APPEAL?
HEY, YOU SAVED THE WHOLE WORLD--AND THERE'S ABOUT A TON OF PUREED MONSTER IN THERE TO PROVE IT!
VIRUS, WHERE IS OUR NOBLE LEADER? FRIGHTFUL SHOULD BE WITH US IN OUR TIME OF TRIUMPH!
I THINK HE'S STILL [heh heh] HAMMERING OUT HIS REPORT TO THE FRONT OFFICE.
I BLEW THE DEAL FOR THE PROF'S SOUL!
I LET MY TEAM DO A GOOD DEED!
I SAVED AN ANGEL AND THE WORLD...
BANG
BANG
BANG
ROSALIND FLORISTS? I NEED ONE OF THOSE CUTE "MY HERO" BOUQUETS DELIVERED TO A Mr. FRIGHTFUL...
HEY, THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.
End
NEXT: SATAN'S SIX IN Hollywood!
WITH SURPRISE GUEST STARS!

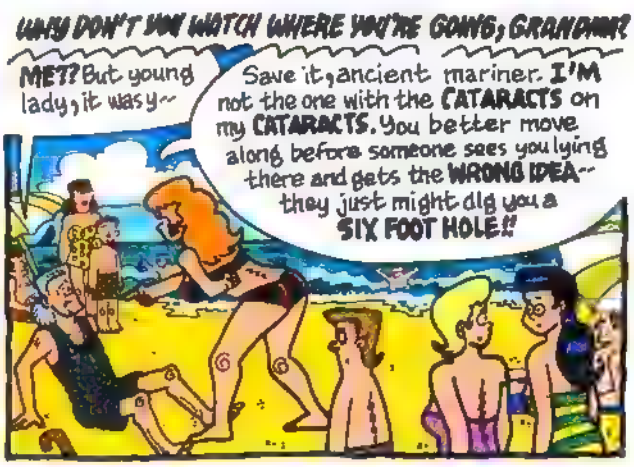

GINGER JONES was a teenager of modest means, but she was rich in ONE thing --FRIENDS.
Wait here, gang, while I go put on this great BIKINI I just bought down at THE THRIFT SHOP!
If you need any HELP, just yelp!..heh...
Okay, Ginger.
ZIP IT, little brother!

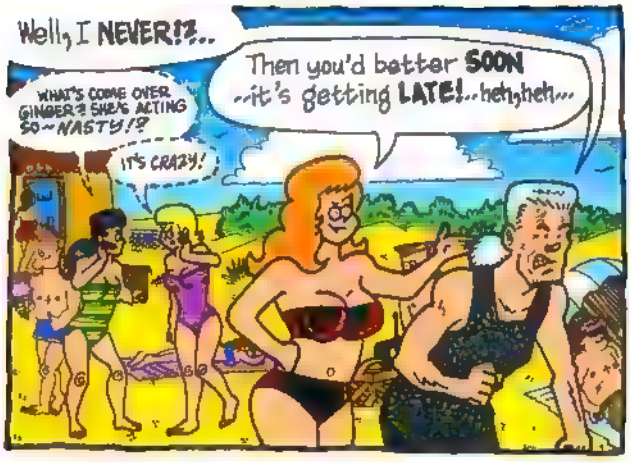
That Ginger is a SWEETHEART--taking care of a poor infirm mother AND contributing untold hours of CHARITY WORK down at the mission!
She NEVER has a BAD WORD for ANYONE--and so MODEST, too!
Yeah, and she's got one GREAT BOD, too!!
Yes, EVERYONE loved Ginger Jones...

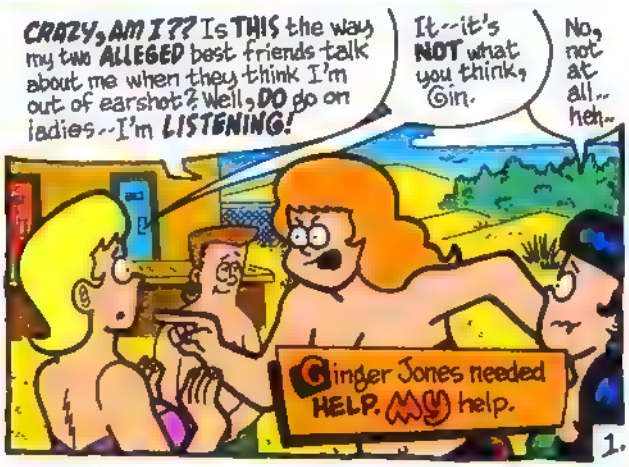

Until--
WELL? WHAT are you all WAITING FOR?? An ENGRAVED INVITATION? Move yer CABOOSES to the beach before some OTHER losers get all the GOOD spots.
Uh...
O-okay.
..wow...


Put that tongue BACK in your mouth, junior. Now, I realize FABULOUS CURVES like THESE aren't on display everyday, but if those eyes POP any further out of your head, I'm gonna have to CHARGE you a FEE just for LOOKING!!
Then tell me when I get to $2.42 worth, okay?


CLUNK!


WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING, GRANDMA?
ME!? But young lady, it was y--
Save it, ancient mariner. I'M not the one with the CATARACTS on my CATARACTS. You better move along before someone sees you lying there and gets the WRONG IDEA--they just might dig you a SIX FOOT HOLE!!

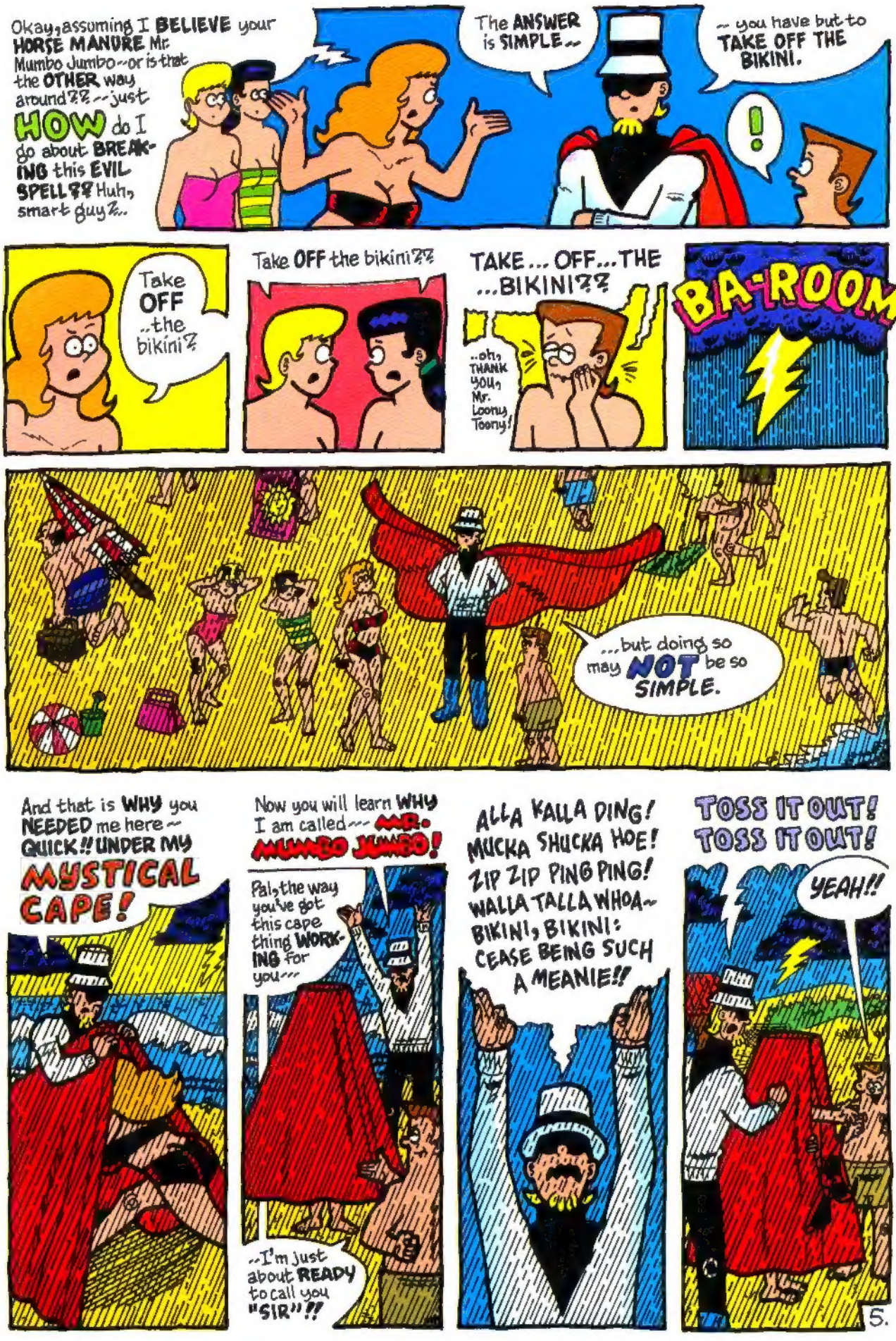

Well, I NEVER!?..
WHAT'S COME OVER GINGER? SHE'S ACTING SO--NASTY!?
IT'S CRAZY!
Then you'd better SOON --it's getting LATE!..heh, heh...

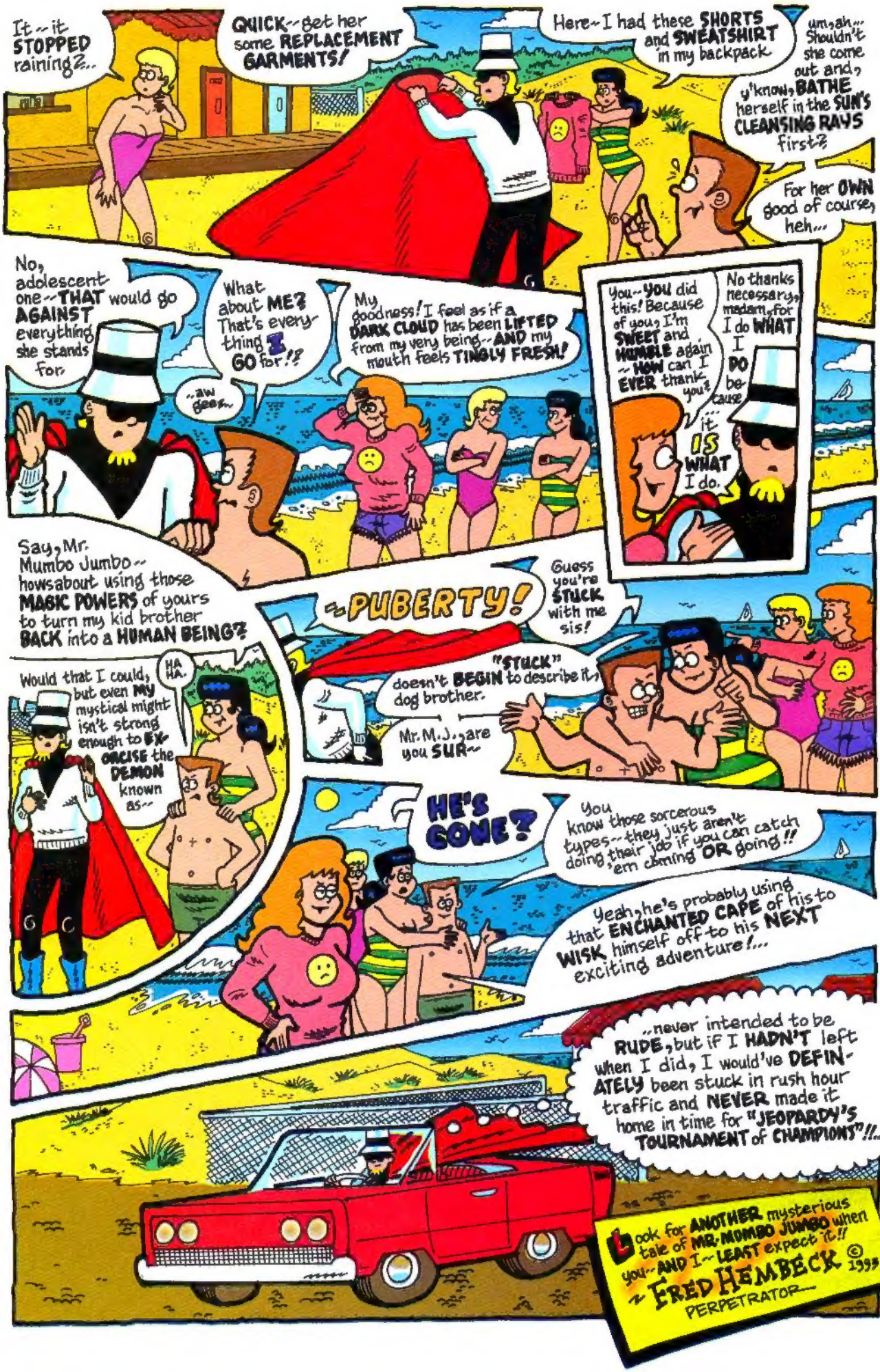

CRAZY, AM I?? Is THIS the way my two ALLEGED best friends talk about me when they think I'm out of earshot? Well, DO go on ladies--I'm LISTENING!
It--it's NOT what you think, Gin.
No, not at all..heh..
Ginger Jones needed HELP. MY help.

I live in the SHADOWS, just WAITING for events like this to draw me out into the LIGHT OF DAY.
y'know, I never REALLY trusted you two, but I figured you'd be BRIGHT enough to do your CHARACTER ASSASSINATING behind my back!
Ginger, WHAT are you ACTING this way??
I venture forth into the PANORAMIC TAPESTRY OF LIFE armed full of ARCANE KNOWLEDGE in my relentless battle to do GOOD STUFF.
Girlfriend, I AIN'T ACTING!! You better get USED to the NEW Ginger Jones~ she's here to STAY!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!!
Huh? And just WHO the @#!%* are YOU??
I go by MANY names, but in recent times, UNBELIEVERS have taken to calling me---
MISTER MUMBO JUMBO!
BELIEVERS call me "SIR."
Your DRY CLEANER must call you a GOD SEND!!
Walking around in an outfit like THAT in heat like THIS-- whew!! Hope you're stocked up on DEODORANT!

Beings possessed of a STRONG MYSTICAL NATURE such as myself do not have the NECESSITY of SWEATING, youngster.
Oh yeah? Well, howabout GOOFBALLS who roam the beach in long red capes HITTING on TEENAGE GIRLS--or are they one and the SAME??
SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT ME, RASH ONE, BUT DON'T MOCK MY RED SUEDE CAPE!!
Howcome? Is that where you HIDE your BUNNY RABBITS and SPARE ACES??
..heh..
Really, who ARE you under those shades? You look a little like that NERD down the block who's always MOONING over sis at the bus stop --zat you, pal? NICE act you got here, bud--REEEEAL smooth.
Like SANDPAPER.
..hee hee..
Move your TAIL, little doggie. After all, MR. WHOZEEWHATZIS came to see ME, not you.
MR. MUMBO JUMBO.
Close enough.
HEY!
All right, magic boy--what's your BEEF with me??
Yeah, why's Ginger acting so CREEPY?
What's WRONG with her?
There's NOTHING WRONG with you, Ginger Jones.
Instead, the PROBLEM lies within the GARMENT you now wear.
WHA-AAT?
My SWIM-SUIT??!
In the ledger of MR. MUMBO JUMBO, the events that are unfolding before us here today will be entered under the heading of
The CASE of the Bewitched Bikini!
Oh geez--this sounds like one of those LAME comic books I usta read BEFORE I discovered GIRLS!?!
3.

But--but I DON'T understand Z.
you WILL sis, cuz
unless I miss my guess, it's time for MR. NAMBY PAMBY here to fill us in on all the TIRED, CLICHED DETAILS.
How very ASTUTE of you, lad. And I repeat --it's MR. MUMBO JUMBO.
What-ever.
Once there was a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN who was HEIRESS to a VAST FORTUNE. She had EVERYTHING money could buy.
Unfortunately, it was the lowly POOL BOY that the rich girl REALLY wanted, and he WASN'T for sale.
Despite her DAZZLING VISAGE and PLENTIFUL BANK ACCOUNT, the object of her affections time and again chose the WARM HEARTED and MODEST YOUNG DAUGHTER of the gardener OVER her.
She INVITED the couple to join her pool-side, intending to present the swimsuit as a GIFT. y'see, when the spell took effect, she'd be NEARBY to pick up the pieces of her beloved's SHATTERED EGO.
The DEMON and the HEIRESS locked their HORNS together and conjured up a PLAN: this bikini would be ENCHANTED with a SPELL to turn its wearer into an UNBEARABLE HARPY.
Having exhausted all OTHER possible means, she decided to resort to DRASTIC measures: WITCHCRAFT!! Using an ancient tome purchased on a SHOPPING SPREE in Tibet, she called forth a DEMON.
Alas, they NEVER showed, having earlier ELOPED-- AND joined the Peace Corps together.
The I.R.S. finally caught up with the rich girl's father, auctioning off ALL their belongings to pay BACK TAXES, with the bewitched bikini winding up in the THRIFT SHOP where your friend found it.
Wow. That's SOME story.
..It would have been BETTER if someone had been KILLED...


Okay, assuming I BELIEVE your HORSE MANURE Mr. Mumbo Jumbo--or is that the OTHER way around?? --just HOW do I go about BREAKING this EVIL SPELL?? Huh, smart guy??
The ANSWER is SIMPLE--
-- you have but to TAKE OFF THE BIKINI.
!
Take OFF ..the bikini??
Take OFF the bikini??
TAKE... OFF... THE ...BIKINI??
..oh, THANK you, Mr. Loony Toony!
BA-ROOM
...but doing so may NOT be so SIMPLE.
And that is WHY you NEEDED me here-- QUICK!! UNDER MY MYSTICAL CAPE!
Now you will learn WHY I am called--- MR. MUMBO JUMBO!
Pal, the way you've got this cape thing WORKING for you---
--I'm just about READY to call you "SIR"!!
ALLA KALLA DING! MUCKA SHUCKA HOE! ZIP ZIP PING PING! WALLA TALLA WHOA-- BIKINI, BIKINI: CEASE BEING SUCH A MEANIE!!
TOSS IT OUT! TOSS IT OUT!
YEAH!!
5.


It--it STOPPED raining?...
QUICK--get her some REPLACEMENT GARMENTS!
Here--I had these SHORTS and SWEATSHIRT in my backpack
um, ah... Shouldn't she come out and, y'know, BATHE herself in the SUN'S CLEANSING RAYS first?
For her OWN good of course, heh...
No, adolescent one--THAT would go AGAINST everything she stands for.
What about ME? That's everything I GO for!?
..aw geez..
My goodness! I feel as if a DARK CLOUD has been LIFTED from my very being--AND my mouth feels TINGLY FRESH!
You--YOU did this! Because of you, I'm SWEET and HUMBLE again--HOW can I EVER thank you?
No thanks necessary, madam, for I do WHAT I DO because... it IS WHAT I do.
Say, Mr. Mumbo Jumbo--howsabout using those MAGIC POWERS of yours to turn my kid brother BACK into a HUMAN BEING?
PUBERTY!
Guess you're STUCK with me sis!
"STUCK" doesn't BEGIN to describe it, dog brother.
Mr. M. J., are you SURE--
Would that I could, but even MY mystical might isn't strong enough to EXORCISE the DEMON known as--
HA HA.
HE'S GONE?
You know those sorcerous types--they just aren't doing their job if you can catch 'em coming OR going!!
Yeah, he's probably using that ENCHANTED CAPE of his to WISK himself off to his NEXT exciting adventure!...
..never intended to be RUDE, but if I HADN'T left when I did, I would've DEFINATELY been stuck in rush hour traffic and NEVER made it home in time for "JEOPARDY'S TOURNAMENT of CHAMPIONS"!!..
Look for ANOTHER mysterious tale of MR. MUMBO JUMBO when you--AND I--LEAST expect it!!
-FRED HEMBECK PERPETRATOR
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